THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1549.

Choice Poetry.

PHILIP, MY KING!

"Who bears upon his baby brow the round and top of sovereignty."

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my King!
For round thee the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's regal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy rosy hand
With love's infinite coaxing taken,
I am thine. Father, to command
Till thou shalt fretfully Queen-handmother,
Philip, my King!

Oh, the day when thou grow'st wearying,
Philip, my King!
When these beautiful lips are smiling,
And, come gentle heart's-ease undoing,
Thou dost vaunt, brown-eyed, and there
Shined all glorified:—Wide kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair,
For we twa love, eh! we love so blindly,
Philip, my King!

I pass from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my King!
Ay, there lies the spirit all sleeping now,
That may rise like a ghost and make men bow
As to one God-crowned, sender his peers.
My Seal, thou thy forehead higher and fairer,
Let me behold thee in coming years!
Yet thy head needeth a cooler rearer,
Philip, my King!

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,
Philip, my King,
Then, too, must bend, as we bend, a way
Thorny, and bitter, and cold, and grey
Knights wildly fare, and fore-suffered
That wields all'thy throne. Now—enough!
Mercy, yet succour! O angels about
As time strews the feet of God, victorious,
Philip, my King!

Original Novelet.

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE;

OR,

THE FOSTER SISTERS.

A WINTER EVENING'S STORY.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EDWARD D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHORESS OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "RANNONDALE," "RETRIBUTION," &c., &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SITTING ROOM.

I see a small, old-fashioned room,
With pannelled wainscot high,
Old portraits round, in order set,
Carved heavy tables, chairs, settle
Of dark embrowned,
And there a high backed, hard settee,
Yet all brown'd age and grace,
Flowered o'er with silk embroidery;
And there all rough with filigree,
Tall sconces on gilded chairs.

Mrs. Southey.

This was the snuggery! in constant family use when there were no strangers at the hall; and here the head of the two affectionate girls assisted in preparing for the evening meal and received gossip and news in a clear and glowing light in the chimney, and the shutters were closed, and "father's" dressing-gown laid over the back of his chimney corner easy chair, and his slippers laid on the hearth, and the tea-table in readiness, and the girls sitting down upon the settee upon the opposite side of the hall, and here with their arms locked lovingly around each other's waists, talking in a gentle tone of confidential subjects of interest, and waiting "father's" coming home.

This room was head *of home*—a place of such sweet security and tempting repose, that the very cat herself, the large, modestly, tortoise-shell cat—with all her maternal love and fullness ration, could here marshal in her fruitcasse and variegated brood of kittens, and nurse them on the sofa, or the foot cushion, or permit them to race around the room, very sure that they would not be molested, even by the great St. Bernard dog stretched at length upon the rug.

"Where did the Judge go this afternoon, Gimie?" inquired Helen, lifting one of Madame Grimaldin's prettiest babies to her lap, and caressing it.

"Father went to the post-office, and he felt so anxious about some letters, that he decided not to wait until a messenger could go and send, but to save several hours of suspense, by being down in readiness to receive the letters as soon as the mail should arrive and be opened."

"I read in 'The Federalist' that a foreign mail was expected to-day—does he expect to hear from Joseph Carey?"

"Alas, no! we have not heard from Joseph for nearly a year—I do not know—" and Gimie stopped short, for she choked with emotion, and lost her voice.

"Is it not possible! I can very sorry for that," said Helen, in a tone of deepest sympathy; "but then, Virginia, the foreign mails are so uncertain, and the field of Joseph's labors so far out of the bounds of civilization, that there is much more ground for hope that his letters have miscarried, than there is for fear of his health or life?"

"I do not know," said Gimie, with an effort at self-recovery. "I so not know! all that we have heard of Joseph proves the most unbounded devotion of every faculty of his soul and body to his work—his most arduous work! The very last we heard of him was through an English foreign missionary magazine that providentially fell into our hands, in which his name was quite incidently introduced, and by which we learned that he was in a very distant part of Further India quite alone and unattended among tribes of hostile heathens. Yet not alone! 'God's heart and mind are ever with His own.'"

At this moment a heavy step was heard in the hall, the door was swung open, and Judge Washington entered the sitting room; Virginia and Helen ran across to meet him. He shook hands with Helen, stooped and kissed Virginia's cheek, and then the two, with uniform attention, hastened to make him comfortable.

Helen went for the boot jack, while Gimie helped him off with his great coat, and untied him in his dressing gown: in the easy chair.

And then Gimie carried off the great coat, hat and stick to hang them in the hall, while Helen, now returned, rang for tea.

Though the house was full of servants, the girls were always happy in proving their affectionate respect by performing, with their own hands, those little personal favors.

Tea was soon served, and the Judge, somewhat rested and refreshed already, arose, and with his usual comicity of manner, handed Virginia to her place at the table, and they all sat down.

After tea was over, and the cloth was removed, when they had gathered around the fire again, and the little round table, with the bright lamp, was drawn up between them, and Virginia had taken out her embroidery, and Helen her knitting, Gimie opened "her" mouth and began saying,

"Dear grandfather, you look happy this evening! The mail has not disappointed you! You have letters and good news?"

"I am, Virginia, much news, strange news and good!"

"Of Magdalene?"

"No, No, my dear, not of *her*. Ge, look in the pocket of my great coat, Virginia, and bring the packet of letters and papers that you will find there."

Virginia hastened to obey, and returned with a large bundle of papers. The Judge received them, spread them out before him on the table, and then bidding Virginia to select his newspaper, he selected one from the number, saying,

"Now, my dears, I chose to say nothing of this letter until after tea, for I knew with this letter to digest there would be no appetite for supper so"

"Though with the anger to digest we are starving for the contents of the letter?" said Gimie, with something of her old vivacity, for with eyes as bright as stars she had already recognized the dear, familiar hand writing.

"I see that you have discovered this letter to be from Joseph. It is. I will read it," and unfolding the epistle, Judge Washington read it to eager hearers.

The letter proved that the enemies of Helen Percy had been ineffectual. Judge had written regularly every month, though being in a distant part of India, he had frequently been compelled to entrust his letters for transportation to the nearest missionary station to unknown and perhaps unfaithful messengers. He more than half suspected, that all his letters, except those from that quarter had failed to reach their destination. He had, through almost unparalleled difficulties and hardships; and ever nearly invincible obstacles, succeeded in planting a small church in the midst of that social chaos, a vineyard of the Lord, a little Christian Church, which owned him for its pastor, a little school which was

Selected Sketch.

EXPERIMENTS IN ELECTRO-BIOLOGY.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1845.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
No. 66 Sansom Street, Philada.,
Where Pamphlets, Blanks, Hand Bills, Way-Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch in the neatest manner, on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

In the interests of Mrs. Southworth's Novelette.

We anticipate shocking accidents and stories from the seat of other well-known writers. We have done our best, and think shall be published as early as possible, viz:

The Jane Hare, by T. S. Arthur.

The Bride of the Bohemian, by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "The Rob Clap," &c.

The Texan Horseman, by G. W. Webber, author of "The Belt of the Border Land," &c.

Reports of Lectures, the Crimes of the Foreign Pickpockets, Engravings, Congressional Reports, General News, Wit and Humor, &c., &c., shall be given as of old.

Miscellaneous.

THE FUNERAL OF BYRON.

One day I found myself about noon at the hotel of Orfeuil, where, of course, I took a right angle with the road which leads, or did lead in Thirteen Count, Hopperting to cast my eyes around, I undeniably occurred to me that something uncommon was expected; people were coming in groups on the pavement—the streets were filled with the same moving throng—from whatever side I turned my head. Among them, especially those of women, and many of the men, I observed handkerchiefs, and not a few carried bottles. What could be the reason of all this? All at once I bethought me that this Street of Orfeuil was no other than the fashionable Tyburn way, or, the thought I, an execution; some handsome young robber is to be executed, or some one of the fair sex; just so, see how earnestly the women are peering; perhaps another Mary Symmonds—pitiful thought, so they called her, was about to be carted along this Street to Tyburn tree; but then I remembered that Mary Symmonds' case had since been cut down, and that criminals, whether young or old, good looking or ugly, were executed before the close jail, which I had looked at with a kind of shudder during my short residence in the city. What could be the matter? I on these I heard a voice, a voice as of a female

Selected Poetry.

ELLA LEE.

A PATHETIC POEM OF THE LATE WAR.

Lay her where the living grass outspreads
Its last fair canopy of green;
Where the trees' tender branches shed
Their dews, and where the wild-bird's head
Is bent to drink the rain.

Lay her where pines in whispers talk
Their mournful language to the night,
And where the wandering fireflies walk
And the moon's quiet beam alights.

Oh, she was an earnest and lovely girl,
And her life was opening fair,
As all gifted spirits be;
Till the spoiler, Death, came
Through the midnight lighting on.

We leave her here,
Beside the lake,
Beneath the willow,
Our fair Ella,
Our fair Ella,
Our young Ella,
Our lost Ella,
The Lily.

Mobile Register.

Pictures of Life.

FROM ADELAIDE'S NOTEBOOK.

NORTHERN LOVES AND LEGENDS.

BY FREDRIKA BREMER.

Certainly, you have observed how strangely, sometimes, the clouds, at morning or evening, group themselves in the sky, and how they change and fly it, and you have thought sometimes: "If this could be represented in painting!" people would be astonished, it is so beautiful!" See even in human life. We often find events, feelings, which stand or flow in such a form or manner, that we perfectly feel we must paint the picture, though not be over-given to artists. For instance, if one should tell of the gay girl in the train who grows, by a young, modest lady, prettily, and in a public square, to a young man that she does not know, and then, when he is gone, she flies out and laughs, and young gentlemen call out: "Is that you, Miss?" and she answers: "Yes, it is I; it is impossible." Well, I entreat your attention to the following little story, for whose truth I will be responsible.

STORY OF A FIRST KISS.

In the University of Upsala, in Sweden, lived a young student, named Nils Ericsson. He was here for studies, but without means of pursuing them. He was poor without contentment, and rich without wealth, living in great poverty, but keeping up a cheerful heart, and trying not to hold at the future, which looked so grisly to him. His father had died and left him to struggle with life just at the moment when he had completed his studies, and was ready to enter upon the career of a learned man. Nils was left with the support of his mother, a widow, and a little sister, who was to be educated by the means which he was to earn. Even his intellectual powers acquired new strength, and he thought and planned, and came to a plan, which made him a poet. His health, his strength came again, and he was, though deprived of the means, the happiest person in the world.

He penned a poem. Then came a crash, which forced him to destroy the beloved work of his soul. He was very unhappy, and for his grief he found a confidante at classmate, and was indeed upon with great attention by the eldest sister of the family, and was almost visibly gazing at her, as she poured on him a graceful vision, one of those which only a poet can see, when he says to himself: "What shall we now do?" and Charles; and "Why?" and the fairy replied: "Do you know her?" "Not at all," he answered; "but I think we must go, just for, if I mistake not, I see her." "What! is this place, before all our eyes?" "Yes, certainly!" "Then I must go to her." "Ready?" "Well, if she will play a little for us at that moment, I will give you a thousand dollars!" "I will accept of the party. Agreed!" "And I!" "And I!" cried three or four others, for it so happened that several rich young men were in the grove, and had been caught in an improbable scrape, and the challenge was made and received in less time than we relate it.

Our hero—my authority tells not whether in new headcoat or plain,—I have my peculiar opinions on the subject—but he was not in the best slightly-good-looking at the same time, and had been fortunately walked out under the young lady. He bowed to her, and said, "My lady, (nils fröken) my fortune is in your hand." She looked at him in astonishment, but she arrested her steps. He proceeded to state his name and circumstances, and the object of his visit, and to unfold what just had passed between him and his companions. The young lady listened attentively, and when he had done, seemed to accept the said, blushing, but with great sweetness: "If by an Nils a thing so small a good could be obtained? It would be a real foolish in me to refuse my request," and she blessed the young man publicly in the open street.

Next day, the young student was sent for by the Governor. He wanted to see the man who had dared to be a son of his daughter in the play, and whom she had consented to kiss so. He received him with a severe and reserved countenance, but, after an hour's conversation, was so pleased with him, that he offered him to dine at his table, during the meeting of his studies in Upsala.

Our young friend now procured his studies in a manner which made him regarded as the most promising scholar at the University. Three years went on, and he passed all his first examination, when the young man was allowed to give a second one to the lovely daughter of the Governor, as to his first confession.

He became, later, one of the greatest scholars in Sweden, and was loved for his learning, and for his character. His works will endure forever among the works of science, and then his happy spirit will descend to heaven, to be with God in the present day, and winner wreath of fortune and high position in another life, and receive the eternal blessing, the truth of the words of good men and love.

THE BLIND MAN AND THE BLIND GOD.

All ages, religions, have believed in Special Providence. The heathen believed in fortune, exercised by the gods, in their protecting and punishing wrath, indivisible'ic, to the welfare of others. It is the privilege of the Christian to believe in the Special Providence of a personal God manifested in every child of man, and which, sooner or later, during his wandering through the many mansions of existence, will clearly be declared to him. God enters by a private door every individual [illegible] age and of society, in most genial writers. So is his heart, or is his house or outward world. And through that divine existence, for many generations, has taken place during their stay on earth, there are several instances in which it is so clearly seen, even him, that we cannot but exclaim: "It is the Lord!" Such an instance we would give in the following chapter of true family-incidents. And that the blind god is here made the messenger of the saving one, will not impair his reputation.

The young Charles A. followed, as physician, with the Swedish army, when this, in the year 1814, with threatening movement, entered the valleys of Norway, then ruining the succession to Sweden, given by the treaty of Kiel, and afterwards at the Congress of Vienna. A dangerous disease of the eyes broke out in the camp. The young and handsome physician was obliged self to be cure with so much sacrificing as good [illegible] to the sufferers, that he, him self daily caught the disease, and in him simple it proved fatal. No help could help him. His splendid brain, and his sight was lost without recovery. He was about five-and-twenty years of age when he thus came to the light of the day. He was a young man of the highest promise, beloved in person, talent, aspiring, and gifted with rare faculties for his profession. His own ambitions; and visions of future fame and greatness had, as brilliant stars, beckoned him onward. To be, from these many heights, cast down and shut up in the abyss of utter darkness, was a dreadful shock to such a mind. It was to be a living death. So he felt it. Life was to him a blank, and worse than a blank. His active spirit prayed upon itself. And though he prayed aloud therein with his country, kneeling, without young child, kind to read him, and made his escape and author. He shut himself up from the company of people, and [illegible] to be left alone with his misery.

"It must not be so!" said he, one day, to his kind and sweet friend; "it must become other! I will not be a burden to you and to others. I will not be a burden to myself. I will not live in darkness. If I [illegible] and after to [illegible] of the light that I have lost, I will [illegible] myself. I will not live!"

"Who is it that calls?" answered a young, female voice.

The blind man looked himself, his condition, his threat, and suddenly stood silent.

"Charles A.?" repeated the voice; "oh, then, you are my relation, and I know you well enough, and I dare say, you, if you and my family, through my father's connection with the Court of Sweden, and Mr. My father and myself, are on our way home to our country place, in the vicinity of the town, after a journey to Norway, and I am desired to read you to my father's room, while we will make a longer stay here."

Charles A. had now stopped by that of Maria, and he: it led by her to her father.

Maria was a young girl for the friend, which brought back the melancholy things that he had, in the street, been seized by an attack of weeping, but as one of those tears which are not replied on hear afterwards without correcting the mistake.

Maria and her father took Charles with them to their home in the country. And Maria, in a few days, was to him as a friend, and a [illegible] modest and sure for. The whole women's heart was moved in the solitary affair. She felt him about in the house, in the great garden, and around her house. She made him feel the trees, flowers, perfumed air; made him smell the flowers of field, listen to the birds and singing bowler. It was Spring time, and the birds were getting their loves, and building their nests, and singing in the warm sky, and in the green trees.

The stylish—that sentimental kind, which Amerikan, with all her riches and all her wonders, has not yet found—was not to be found in the house of Maria, but the [illegible] was to be found in the [illegible] of the [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and